# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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## THE TWO BROTHERS:

### OR,

## ADVENTURES IN A CASTLE.

*Continued.*

HE commenced his relation when himself and Henry were seperated from M. Dupont and entered the recess. He recounted the events he received upon his being found, and, together with his brother, being closely confined in irons. His daily pittance was brought him by a ruffian, whose countenance indicated villainy of the deepest dye; to all his requests to know by whose authority, and for what reason he was kept a prisoner, no answer was returned, nor could all his entreaties procure him information of the fate of Henry. All was incertitude, and his imagination conjured up the form of Henry, receiving his death-wound from the hand of an assassin, who would next plunge the weapon, perhaps yet reeking in his brother's gore, into his own bosom. A few days only had elapsed, when his keeper entered the prison accompanied by two others, and he was led out (the two men following him with drawn swords) and conveyed through the subterranean apartments to a remote place, where he naturally concluded his life was to be terminated. But he was mistaken, for he had soon the pleasure of seeing Henry conducted into the same apartment which was filled with armed men, and found that their removal was on account of a body of troops under M. Dupont approaching to search the castle. They distinctly heard them at a distance in the building, and the hopes of the prisoners began to revive; but after a few hours had elapsed, they had the mortification of hearing them depart, and all the fond visions of liberty, which fancy had created, vanished, and gloomy despair usurped their place. No entrance was permitted them, nor were they allowed to speak to each other, and they were conducted back to their cells without enjoying any satisfaction from the interview, but what Louis derived from seeing the youth of his brother, bearing up against the ill effects of confinement, and his recovering his health notwithstanding all his misfortunes. But his own countenance could convey no such satisfaction to his brother, for it bore the stamp of melancholy, and when a smile illuminated his pallid features upon the appearance of Henry, like the gleam of a meteor in a watery atmosphere, it quickly disappeared. The same dull routine occupied the time of his imprisonment, without any material occurrence, when one evening after the guard had seen him for the last time that night, as he was pacing with heavy steps and slow, the floor of his prison, a dismal long-drawn groan reached his ear. His chains had been taken off some time, as his keepers supposed the door secured with massy bars and bolts sufficient. The idea that this horrid sound might be the last groan of his brother, roused into exertion all his dormant faculties, which had sunk through inactivity into nerveless indolence. He examined the door, and to his inexpressible surprise he found it had been left unfastened through the negligence of his keepers; taking advantage of this lucky occurrence, he issued from his prison, and passed hastily along the passage; a door half open arrested his progress, and an irresistable impulse urged him to inspect the room. A lamp suspended from the ceiling, in the same manner as in the cell where he had been confined, afforded its glimmering light, and presented to his view a scene replete with horror. It was the body of his brother Henry, laying in his gore, who thus in the spring of life, ere he had tasted its pleasures, had bidden them adieu for ever. Driven to distraction by the horrific appearance, he rushed out of the room, and flew along the passage with such rapidity, that he would have been mistaken for an aerial being, the sound of whose footsteps were not perceptible to mortal ear. Not knowing whither he led, he pursued the avenue till it terminated in a postern gate, which was open, and where two centinels were stationed. With the velocity of lightning he flew past them, and unconscious of the action, quitted the hated walls which had been productive of so much misery to himself, and his beloved Henry, leaving the centinels stupified with surprise and terror. But ere Louis could proceed far from the castle they recalled their scattered faculties, and discharged their musquets in the direction he had taken, and with too much success, for the contents of one of them was lodged in his arm, and felled him to the earth. Animated with almost supernatural strength he arose and resumed his progress towards the chateau, which he just reached when all his strength failed him, and he sunk into a state of total insensibility, as has been mentioned before.

When Louis had finished his relation, a consultation was held upon the most probable means to evade any future attacks which might be made on his person. To relate the conversation Louis had overheard the preceding night, would give the Duke of Alencon too severe a shock, he therefore deferred speaking of it till he could have a private interview with M. Dupont, and as the suspicions of the whole party attached to the Count, it was resolved that they should return the same day to the chateau; the Duke intended to take the first opportunity to dismiss the Count, and destroy all his hopes of an alliance with his daughter. Agreeable to the plan they had adopted, M. Dupont and Louis returned to the chateau, and the same afternoon the Count de Vauban, in a private conference with the Duke of Alencon, avowed his attachment to Mademoiselle de Lantz, and demanded her in marriage. The proposal was rejected in the most civil terms, to the great surprise and mortification of de Vauban, who, after a secret interview with the Marquis, departed from the castle.

Arrived at such an advanced period of our history, let us take a review of the life of de Vauban, as far as concerns his nephews. Possessing a perfect knowledge of his brother's wealth, he no sooner received the intelligence of his death, than he conceived the nefarious design of removing his nephews by force, and enjoying the uninterrupted possession of the estate. The execution of his purpose would however be attended with difficulty, but he was not to be discouraged, and he concerted his plan with precision, determined by perseverance to surmount every obstacle. His dependents were numerous, and he well knew would execute any thing he could wish. For the purpose of securing his nephews, he stationed a number of the villains under his protection in the castle, some parts of which were in a ruinous situation, and when M. Dupont retired with his wards to his country seat, de Vauban, who frequently visited them, diligently explored every part of the building, and found the ruined wing communicated by narrow passages with that in which the family resided. Ever on the watch for an opportunity to reduce his plans to practice, he discovered in the apartment assigned to Henry, a private door, which was entirely unknown to any of the family. Through this he gave admission in the night to some of his ruffian attendants, who conveyed Henry to the castle, where he was confined in a damp prison and fettered. No ray of light illuminated the obscurity of the dungeon, nor served to cheer his melancholy situation, save what one glimmering taper afforded. A superstitious fear prevented de Vauban's immediately ordering the assassination of Henry, but he left him a prey to torturing sensations, and the pestiferous atmosphere of his prison. But when he learned the arrival of M. Dupont's family in the neighbourhood, the fear of being discovered induced him to order Henry's death, and insure his own safety; but this unfortunate determination of his life, was prevented by the timely interposition of Louis, in the vaults of the castle, when Gerald paid the forfeit of his crimes. Louis for a considerable time eluded the vigilance of his uncle, till the unfortunate adventure of exploring the castle, when he fell a victim to his temerity. The Count carefully kept his abused nephews in uncertainty respecting the author of their misfortunes, lest any unavoidable accident, which his guilty and mistrustful conscience could not foresee or guard against, should give them their liberty, and raise an incontrovertible evidence of his guilt. Being disappointed in his expectations of immediate possession of M. Boisrau's estate, he obtained an introduction to the family of Alencon, through the medium of the Marquis, whom he had often met at the gaming table; hoping to recruit his disordered and almost exhausted finances by a marriage with Antoinette. Fearful of his anger, his dependents forbore to mention to him the escape of Louis, and he had no reason to suppose he had eluded his villainous intentions, till he met him at the Duke of Alencon's castle. The surprize the sight of him occasioned, roused in his bosom the dormant spark of shame, and

kindled the confusion which shone in his countenance. When his nephew had departed to the chateau, and he met with the unexpected rejection of his proposals, on the part of the Duke, his enmity to Louis, who he supposed had influenced the decision of the Duke, was redoubled, and he vowed the most sanguinary revenge. He departed sullen and mortified, for his castle, which he had previously put in a state of defence, as his capacious mind had prepared against the evils of adversity, and admitted the possibility of his experiencing the frowns of fortune, and being obliged to recur to his predatory system for support. Here, with his band of ruffians he resided, and spread terror and devastation throughout the vicinity. The Marquis being himself restricted by his father, in his pecuniary affairs, could afford him no assistance, and tired with his frequent importunities, broke the bonds of intimacy which had united them. Had not the Marquis been of a timid disposition, had he been endowed with the daring courage of de Vauban, he would have been a parricide, for he had a heart sufficiently corrupted to harbour the atrocious design.

The Count de Vauban had been long invisible at the metropolis, being so much engaged in his plans to get Louis again in his hands. But as soon as the intelligence reached M. Dupont of de Vauban's being at the head of the banditti which infested the neighbourhood, he prepared to remove to Paris, sensible that when in possession of power, he would regard no law, human or divine, to effect his infamous purposes, and to glut his sanguinary revenge on Louis. Once alone did de Vauban find an opportunity to make an attempt upon the person of Louis, which was before the commencement of their journey to Paris, when one night he made an assault upon the chateau, hoping to be able to force his entrance. But the family were roused at the first attack, and seizing all the warlike weapons which they could find in the house, they obliged them to retire. It was a fortunate circumstance that the owner of the chateau, upon the first intelligence of the existence of a band of robbers in the neighbourhood, had procured muskets and ammunition, in order to be prepared against any event. This occurrence hastened their departure, and the next day they set out for the capital, where they had prepared a residence.

Vice seldom fails ultimately to receive its punishment, and the marquis de Lantz was another instance of the reward of villainy, whether executed or merely concerted. It is true the imbecility of his mind, and his cowardice, prevented the execution of his unnatural designs against the life of his father, but it did not diminish his atrocity in the conception of such an idea. He had made an excursion to Dijon, where, among his careless unthinking companions, he had been passing away the tardy hours, and was returning home for want of the necessary money to support his extravagance. He had not recovered from the influence of wine when he entered the forest, which had been the theatre of murder perpetrated by the lawless dependants of de Vauban. He had sunk into a slumber and the spell which bound him in the embraces of Morpheus, was so potent, that he heard not the whistle of the banditti, nor knew of their approach till his attendants were fired upon by them. All who could fly, made their escape, as no tie attached them to the fate of de Lantz, who scarcely was roused from his stupidity, till the robbers roughly ordered him to deliver up his money.

*(To be continued.)*

## PEACE AND GLORY.

BY MOORE.

Where is now the smile, that lighten'd
Every hero's couch of rest?
Where is now the hope, that brighten'd
Honour's eye and pity's breast?
Have we lost the wreath we braided
For our weary warrior men?
Is the faithful olive faded?
Must the bay be plucked again?

Passing hours of dalliance over!
Lovely, in your light awhile,
Peace and Glory, wed together,
Wander'd through the blessed isle.
And the eye of peace would glisten,
Deep as the morning sun,
When the timid maid would listen
To the deeds her chief had done:

Is the hour of dalliance over?
Must the maiden's trembling feet
Waft her from her warlike lover
To the desert's still retreat?
Fare you well! with sighs we banish
Nymph so fair and guest, so bright;
Yet the smile, with which you vanish,
Leaves behind a soothing light!

Soothing light! that long shall sparkle,
O'er your warrior's sanguine way,
Through the field where horrors darken,
Shedding hope's consoling ray!
Long the smiles his heart will cherish,
To its absent idol true,
While around him myriads perish,
Glory still will sigh for you!

## PARODY.

Once gay in youth, and free from anxious care,
Dick trudg'd to school, and heard the morning prayers;
Each day mov'd with health and pleasure crown'd,
And saw his playmates joyous, smile around:
Till lur'd by pleasure, deaf to conscience call,
He left his school, his books, and gave up all;
Soon learn'd to drink, to lie, to swear and game,
And rose superior, to the blush of shame—
Laugh'd loud at virtue as a common jest,
And made Religion mild, a standing jest;
Roar'd loud in taverns, bullied in the street,
And cast all law and order under feet—
'Till siez'd at last, for crimes to prison led,
Doom'd to saw stones, and live on mouldy bread;
Where clanking chains heave the repentant sigh,
Fea ful of death, yet wishes oft to die;
Oft lament the day he left the school,
To follow idle boys, and play the fool.
COLUMBIAN YOUTH! in downy pleasure bred,
Pamper'd by ease, by favring fortune fed,
Attend to Virtue! all her ways are pure,
Sweet are her counsels, her rewards are sure;
From vice and folly early strive to fly,
And heave for poor repenting DICK a sigh.

## CAVERN OF OBLIVION.

*From Darwin's "Temple of Nature."*

DARK whelm'd beneath, in vast sepulchral caves,
Oblivion dwells and unbuilds graves;
The storied tomb, the laurell'd bust o'erturns,
And shakes their ashes from their mould'ring urns.
No vernal zephyr breathes, no sun-beams cheer,
Nor song, nor simper, ever enters here;
O'er the green floor, and round the dew damp wall,
The slimy snail, and bloated lizard crawl;
While on white heaps of intermingled bones
The Muse of Melancholy sits and moans;
Showers her cold tears o'er Beauty's early wreck,
Spreads her pale arms, and bends her marble neck.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.

## ANECDOTE.

Some time ago there lived in England, a nobleman who was notorious for libertinism. He seldom visited his country estate, which lay at a considerable distance from the capital; but when he did many of his tenant's daughters received stains, which his lordship also considered as honours conferred on these blushing plebians.

On one of his visits to the country, he determined to go on Sunday to the parish church, where he persuaded himself all the blooming beauties of the parish would be assembled; and from thence he doubted not but he would be able to make a choice highly gratifying to his vitiated taste.

The preacher was a man eminent for piety; he was also a master of his subject, and possessed no small share of eloquence. He had selected for that day's exercise this passage, 'But whoremongers and adulterers god will judge.' He discussed the subject with such animation, painted in such strong colours the seducer and the seduced so fully exposed the horrid sin of debauchery, and painted so feelingly the punishment which awaited the female ruiner, that sir John was alarmed. In every sentence he saw some trait of his own character, and finally concluded that the preacher preached only to expose and affront him.

The service being ended, his lordship, enraged, flew to his coach, determined on ample vengeance. He furiously drove to the residence of the bishop, in whose diocese this preacher had his cure. The complaint was made, and the dismissal of the preacher was earnestly requested.

The good bishop replied, that if indeed the preacher had affronted him, he should have immediate redress, and intreated his lordship to inform him in what manner.

Why, I went to church to day, and he preached a sermon, which was every sentence levelled against me.

Is it possible that he could so degrade his sacred profession? (said the bishop.) I could not have believed it—he bears a most excellent character—Pray what was the text.

*But whoremongers and adulterers God will judge.*

Did he know of your lordship's intent in visiting the church?

No my lord, I came to the country late last evening.

How handled he the text?

Thus and thus, my lord: and he drew my picture in every sentence.

Ah, my lord, replied the pious dignitary, the preacher has done his duty—I cannot I dare not censure him. He did not preach against you, but against your vices. Remember, my lord, the word of God is sharp and powerful, and it *has found you out.* Go, my dear sir, amend your life, and you will find the preacher will never insult you.

## WARNING TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

IN the town of Manchester, in England, a number of young people combined, without intending any evil, to frighten one of their companions, a girl about 18 years of age. For this purpose they procured the skeleton of a man from a neighbouring doctor, and laid it in the bed in which the young woman usually slept! they then placed themselves in an adjoining room to wait the event. At the common hour Nancy (this was her name) retired to her chamber—in a few minutes her waiting friends were alarmed by a noise which issued from her room—they rushed in, already laughing at the fears their plan had excited, when, horrid to relate, they beheld the lovely female in the most agonizing convulsions, pressing the grim skeleton to her naked bosom, and lavishing upon it a thousand kisses! As soon as the astonishment of the spectators would permit, she was removed from the chamber, and every art exerted to soothe her to reason, but without effect. She soon expired, an unfortunate victim to the folly of her inconsiderate friends.

## MAXIMS.

Though we have a thousand friends, still we lack more—but one enemy is too much.

Tis dangerous to speak when we should hold our tongues, and to be silent when we ought to speak.

*For the Weekly Museum.*

ON THE DEATH OF *MR. MATTHEW DECKER*

And art thou dead! lie still my troubled heart,
Ah tis too true, we must forever part,
Relentless Death has torn thee from my breast
And robb'd my mind of joy, of peace, of rest:
Torn from my bleeding heart its warmest friend,
And given to happiness and Hope an end.
Still does my memory fondly paint the scene
Where nought but pleasures undisturb'd were seen.
Still the sweet season fondly would retrace
When anxious sorrow veil'd her wrinkled face—
When every dawning day awoke new joy,
And hallowed Friendship would each hour employ,
When ev'ry setting sun dispell'd our care,
And bid us fly, each other's joy to share;
When ev'ry hour would fresh assurance give,
That each but in the other sought to live—
When each delight unwelcome pleasure prov'd,
Unless when shar'd with him whom most I luv'd—
When ev'ry hope, when ev'ry wish I knew,
Were center'd in a friend—that friend was you—
But Heaven in mercy to a kindred mind,
Has borne thy soul above to realms more kind,
Where Virtue, Honor, Friendship, Genius live,
Secure from ills which Time or Death can give.

ALFRED.

*New-York, January 23, 1808.*

# The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 23, 1808.

The city inspector reports the death of 44 persons (of whom 13 were men, 14 women, 15 boys, and 2 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of apoplexy 1, childbed 2, cold 6, consumption 3, debility 2, dropsy 1, drowned 2, dysentery 2, fever 3, inflammation of the stomach 1, inflammation of the lungs 1 measles 1 mortification 2, old age 2, pleurisy 1, quinsy 1, rupture of a blood vessel 1, small pox 1, sore throat 1, spasm 1, stillborn 5, sudden death 1, and 2 of whooping cough.

*From the Quebec Mercury.*

DUBLIN, September 15.

The circumstance which we are about to relate, though of a most extraordinary nature, has been communicated to us from such authority, that we have no doubt whatever that it is accurate in its general outline; we forbear to mention names and places, for reasons which will be sufficiently obvious to our readers.

A few miles from this city, in a village which consists of but four or five houses, a house of entertainment constantly afforded refreshment for those travellers who made it a resting place. A respectable farmer, a very few evenings since having been at the Dublin market, resolved to return home early, and left town before dinner; having reached this village, he put up his horse at the Inn, and ordered something to eat. His meal, &c. being finished, and the evening coming on, he paid his bill to the landlord from a parcel of notes, one of which he changed, and then departed on his road home. At about the distance of one mile his horse dropped a shoe, and as a smith's forge was contiguous to this part of the road, he dismounted, and finding the door closed, and the smith gone to bed, he knocked until the farrier got up and opened the door. The shoe being replaced, the traveller offered the smith a half crown piece, desiring to get the change, which he declared at that hour he could not procure. The traveller feeling that he had occasioned the man some trouble in disturbing him, told him he might keep the entire. The poor smith, affected by this unexpected generosity, eyed him with caution, and questioned him what road he had come, and on being informed that he had stopped at the village inn, asked him if any money had been seen in his possession in that house—on which the traveller replied, that he had certainly a large sum of money in his possession; he immediately cautioned him to turn back to Dublin, for, that not two hundred yards on the road before him, at a bridge, which he described, he was certain to be stopped and robbed. To this the traveller replied, he was well prepared, having his yeomanry pistols charged in his holsters. The smith told him that if he was resolved to proceed, he had better examine his arms; the precaution was attended to, and upon opening the pans of the pistols the priming of both was not only thrown out, but water appeared to have been poured in. The traveller was resolute, and understanding from the smith (who he had now reason to believe was in the secret) that he should be attacked by one man only, the pistols were recharged, and he set forward on his journey. On his arrival at the bridge a fellow jumped from the hedge and stopped him, demanded a large sum, which he said he knew he had about him; the traveller hesitated, suddenly drew forth his pistols, and shot the robber through the head! It was the landlord of the inn, and whose similar practice of plunder had been constant. The traveller rode back to the inn, and asked for the master of the house, who was said to be in bed, and not to be seen, but insisting on his being produced, the servant told him that he was gone out to a neighbour's house. The dreadful circumstance was disclosed, and the servants of the house were directed to the place where the body lay. The gentleman returned in safety to the town, and told the circumstance to several of his friends; and this extraordinary relation is collected from a gentleman who saw the body of the deceased on the very spot where he had so justly met the punishment he deserved.


MRS. TODD.

No 92 Liberty-Street, respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she has just received, and is now opening an elegant assortment of India and Scotch Muslins, viz.

Fancy gown Patterns
Fine plain, laced and nansook muslins
Worked and dotted muli muslins
Gold and silver worked turbans; kid shoes
Scotch elegant sewed and tamboured moll and lenoe robes
Fancy short dresses, Fracks.
Also, gunpowder, imperial, hyson and sushong teas, of the very best quality.

December 19 983 tf.

25,000, 10,000, and 5,000 DOLLARS
HIGHEST PRIZES.
*FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE*
Tickets in the SIXTH CLASS LOTTERY, for the Promotion of Literature at $6 50, but will positively rise to seven next week.

TEETH.

Natural and Artificial Teeth replaced on improved plans in the very best manner, at moderate prices by J Greenwood, Artist in the *Line Dental*, No. 14 Vesey street opposite St Paul's Church-yard.

This day is published, and for sale by
M HARRISSON,
No. 3 Peck-slip,
A NEAT EDITION OF
*THE WILD IRISH GIRL;*
A National Tale.
*BY MISS OWENSON.*


## COURT OF HYMEN,

How blest are those whom true affections bind
Where love with love, and mind unite with mind.

### MARRIED,

On Thursday the 31st December, at Woodbridge, N J by the Rev Dr. Roe, Mr Josiah Ayres to Miss Matilda Coddington, daughter of Mr. James Coddington, all of that place.

On Sunday evening 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. John Fenoen to Miss Phebe Hanness, both of this city.

On Thursday evening 14th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Abeel, Mr. William I Crolius to Miss Anna De La Montagnie, both of this city.

On Sunday evening 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Townley Mr. Lewis Morehouse, to Miss Huldah Tappan, both of this city.

### MORTALITY.

Thick fly the shafts of Death on every side,
The widow'd husband, and the half made bride,
The daughter, mother, son and father die,
Arid poor and rich in dust together lie.
Virtue alone, the striking difference knows,
Between the sinner's and the saint's repose.

### DIED,

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Israel Loring, merchant, of this city.

On Wednesday afternoon in the 63d year of his age, Mr. Alexander Steward, merchant, of this city.—Throughout a painful and lingering illness, which terminated the existence of this worthy man, he manifested the same composure and fortitude which through life was in him characteristic, and finally submitted to the Divine dispensation without a murmur.

On Wednesday, Mr. James W. Greene, Constable of the First Ward.

On Wednesday evening, after a short illness, in the 10th year of her age, Miss Catharine M. Morton, second daughter of General Morton.

On the 12th inst. Mrs Ann Finly, relict of the Rev. Samuel Finley, formerly President of the college of New-Jersey.

At Leghorn, on the 2d of October last, Captain John Butman, late of Portland, of a consumption.


JUST PUBLISHED
*And for sale at this Office,*
THE DISCARDED SON
OR THE
HAUNTS OF THE BANDITTI,
By Maria Regina Roche.

RAGS.

Cash given for Clean Cotton and Linen Rags, at this Office.

ORAM'S ALMANACS
for 1808,
For sale at this Office.
Also Hutchinsons Almanacs
for 1808
by the groce dozen or single one.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### ON AN INTERVIEW WITH A MAD GIRL.

As yesterday I wayward stray'd,
In lonesome, contemplative mood,
I met a most distracted maid,
Near her loved haunt a gloomy wood.

All morn, beneath the fervid sun,
She'd wander'd o'er the russet plain,
Me seeing, she appeared to shun,
As if with horror and disdain.

Her face was worn and wan to view,
It languish'd with a trembling tear;
On me as her eye she threw,
And staring started back with fear.

Then laugh'd—then with a heavy sigh,
Thus she, a wither'd rose addressed:
'Thoughtless, I destined you to die—
How could you hear this burning breast?'

Now with a wilding look she said,
'My Thomas will come home to-day,
His hand so snug about my head,
And Thomas wouldn't a bird betray.'

At this, she sigh'd'ring, utter'd loud,
'As on I his cheek—we never shall meet;
But yes, he smiles in yonder cloud—
Wait, wait, I'll bring his winding sheet.'

With that she ran—then made a stop,
A disrupted as to breathe;
I thought her fainting—I was to crop
Some daisies wild, to form a wreath.

And as she twisted them around,
She sung so soft, so sweet a ditty,
I thrill'd at every melting sound,
And felt affection blend with pity.

—o—

### MARY.

*To an Irish Air, called "Maurice Ogie."*

O very sweet was morning's dawn
To me, my Mary,
When thou and I strayed o'er the lawn
Together Mary.
And very sweet was you green grove,
My gentle Mary,
Where first I heard thee own thy love
For me, my Mary
This blooming rose resembles thee,
My modest Mary,
For in its leaves I think I see,
Thy blushes Mary
Thy song was like the linnet's song,
My tender Mary—
I fancy it thy voice among
The hawthorns
And O, these dewy gems I prize,
They sparkle, Mary.
So like the diamonds in your eyes,
My lovely Mary.

*From the Charleston Messenger.*

The morning's purple light descends
To chase the gloomy shades away,
And the shrill Lark his passage bends
To hail the dawn of infant day.

Emerging from their soft retreat,
On dewy pinions Zephyrs stray,
And flowers unfold their leaves sweet
To taste the dawn of infant day.

Then let us, for its bounteous care,
No sluggish sin lovely Anna delay
To offer up a Heaven a prayer,
At every dawn of infant day. D. M. C.

## MORALIST.

### THE SABBATH DAY.

*Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Remember, take part cular notice of this injunction. it is a duty greatly to be regarded, and most conscientiously to be observed. Upon the due observance of this, our disposition and ability to observe the other precepts, in good measure depends. Keep it holy; devote it to holy purposes; spend it in holy exercises; and not barely an hour or two; not barely the intervals of private and public devotion; but the day the Sabbath day, the whole day. Neither will the whole day be too long: if we make conscience of discharging the several duties of religion,—reading and meditation; prayer and praise; teaching our children, and instructing our domestics, examining our hearts, and taking heed to our ways. All these offices, if properly performed will leave very little, rather no time, for unnecessary dispensions. And shall we huddle over all these important offices, or totally neglect some of them, only to indulge ourselves in the most unprofitable levities? at once doing an injury to our spiritual interest, and violating the divine precepts.*


HIS SUBSCRIBER.

Professor of Dancing and of the French Language Interpreter, Translator &c has established his academy at Harmony hall in Barley corner of William street, where he exercises his profession.

Pupils for the French Language are attended at such hours of the day or evening as may suit their convenience.

The Dancing School is kept in the afternoon for masters, misses, and such as cannot attend at other times, and in the evening for grown persons of both sexes. The master has it in his power at almost any time of day or evening to attend on Ladies or Gentlemen, who, not having had the opportunity, in early life to acquire the polite accomplishment of dancing, would prefer being instructed in private, rather than at the public school. Ladies and gentlemen desiring it, will be waited upon at their houses.

IGNACE C. FRAISIER

CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete,—warranted tight, by C ALFORD
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

*COMMISSION OFFICE,*
*100 Water street.*

WILLETT WARNE, Broker and Commission agent, buys and sells houses, lands, vessels, cargoes, stocks, country produce, merchandize and every other species of property on Commission. Persons wishing to sell, will please furnish maps, inventories, stations, &c—and those who wish to purchase are invited to call.

*For Sale,*

A quantity of excellent wine glasses and tumblers, with which house-keepers may supply themselves at a very cheap rate by applying soon.
dec 26 984 tf

EMBROIDERING CHINELLES.

ELEGANTLY ASSORTED SHADES, for sale at No. 104 Maiden-lane.

WANTED a place for a Wet NURSE—Good recommendations can be given. Enquire at no 95 Catharine street.
N. B. The child can be taken in the house if more agreeable. Jan 15 987

DURABLE INK,

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,

Which nothing will discharge without destroying the Linen, for sale at this office.

*TORTOISE SHELL COMBS*

FOR SALE BY

*N. SMITH*—CHYMICAL PERFUMER FROM LONDON,

*At the Sign of the Golden Rose,*

NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball far superior to any other for softening beautifying and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot Smith's Tooth Paste warranted

Violet double scented Rose 2s 6d

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste for washing the skin making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 6s per pot, do paste

Smith's Cynical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Also and powder for the skin 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glossing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums 1s per pot or roll. Dulcel do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving 4s and 1s 6d

Smith's celabrated Corn Plaister 3s per box

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

*.* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes. Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissars, Totoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery

☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sell again
January 1, 1808

JEWELRY,

*At No 200 Broadway.*

EDWARD ROCKWELL informs his friends and customers, that he has removed from the Park to No. 200 Broadway, where he solicits a continuance of their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and his attention to his business will fully meet with their approbation.

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of the newest and most fashionable gold ear rings, breast pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearl, plain and enamel, and of every fashion, hair worked necklaces, and gold do. bracelets, clasps, chains, watch chains, seals and keys, &c. He has also silver tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain and ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of articles appropriate to his line of business, which are too numerous to mention; he will sell at the lowest price and will warrant the gold and silver work which are of his own manufactory to be equal to any.



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